

OUT OF EUMESWIL

45 years ago today, my brother Martin “Manuel” Venator vanished into the forests outside of Eumeswil. He traveled in the entourage of the Condor, the ruling tyrant of that time; on a hunting trip into the irradiated wastelands preceding the forests. They left Eumeswil that day and were never to be seen again. All that was left of my estranged half brother were his notes that were later discovered in an abandoned bunker outside of the city limits of Eumeswil. Since the discovery of his notes, they have been published in paper and are also available at the Luminar. They have been the subject of a great buzz within the city limits of Eumeswil, and even in the further provinces ruled by the Khans.

Like my brother, I too am a historian, and I frequently wonder about the mysterious and unaccounted disappearance of the Condor’s entourage so many years ago. The air of secrecy, and even fear of the men before the hunt gives me reason to doubt that my brother is in fact deceased. Martin had previously achieved some fame amongst the Anarchists for outfitting an abandoned bunker in the forest just outside of Eumeswil, and I am suspicious that he did not make similar preparations for his following expedition. I have inquired with my Storm Troopers if they would accompany me to investigate the matter, but all of them refused, fearing the dreaded fate that they believe befell my brother and the Condor’s hunting party.

Thus, I am walking now, alone. I have studied my brother’s notes closely, and have determined to follow the path of his companion Atilla; the scout of their hunting party, through the desertified wastelands until I reach the forest. According to my brother’s notes “Concerning The Forest”, it was after Atilla had told his story of this excursion, that the hunting party was formed. My suspicion is that Atilla led them somewhere, but to where exactly, I haven’t the slightest idea. My hope is that I may discover some clue as to what happened to my brother and the hunting party of the Condor by retracing the steps of Atilla. If nothing else, it may serve my purposes as a historian to document various artifacts and ruins which are said to lie vacant in these deserted places. The known world has been thoroughly mapped, the only places left for discovery are the most dangerous and uninviting.

The historian's instinct is to preserve and document. He sees the fragility of events, and the translucent ephemeral nature of time and history. If enough time passes, memory follows with it, and if that happens, the reality of events and circumstances that make us who we are begin to lose definition and focus, as a dense fog begins to cloud the lens of history from the inside causing irreparable damage. For the natural born historian, death is preferable to this occurrence. This is the purpose of these notes, documenting my journey into the desolation. I doubt anyone will ever read them, and yet, their existence is a comfort to me, providing a paper trail of my "*Desert Desertion*". I imagine that like my brother, I will not return from this journey, and so I leave these notes behind tracing the path of my voyage, sealed within littered plastic bottles buried beneath stones, detritus, and genetically warped trees.

*

In the intervening years since we took control of Eumeswil, much has changed, and I am not the same man my brother left behind when he left with the hunting party of the Condor. I have grown older, and admittedly, have gravitated closer to the principle of the "Anarch" espoused by my brother in his notes, and further away from the Anarchist. Why else would I be making this voyage alone without my comrades? I will admit that it took great effort to pry myself away from the habits and social circles of my youth. If one can manage to reconstruct his identity and habits, it is typically the case that his social circle usually follows suit, or disappears altogether.

*

I owe my understanding of the Anarch to my brother, as well as other men of antiquity. General George Washington and his favored General The Marquis De Lafayette strike me as particularly refined examples of the Anarch. Both were men who operated according to the rules of the world, but earnestly refused to be defined by them. In my examinations of them at the Luminar, it appeared as if they operated according to some higher law imperceptible to those around them. I was left with the impression that it is impossible that such men don't inevitably achieve greatness. These were arguably the most renowned examples of American Anarchs, but many preceded and followed after them.

I have developed a fascination with the frontier landscape of the Americas, and the Anarchic spirit that was necessary for alien men to attempt to establish themselves there. The juxtaposition of hostile wilderness and fertile vistas must have made for a most compelling aphrodisiac of the spirit. Yet, men had to be on their guard, lest they be taken up in lust for the Goddess of Nature; for like all women, she must be tamed and made to bend to the will of man lest she destroy him entirely. The Puritans and Quakers; though bitter rivals, found a healthy balance, and juxtaposed natural mysticism with prudent social custom. After my examinations of them at the Luminar, I have become convinced that they were the first to establish a government designed for the Anarch. The so named "Founding Fathers" also echoed their sentiments further into the following epoch, and extended their Anarchic project into the founding of that once great empire "The United States of America". A government administered solely by elected "Public Servants". They achieved the etymological goal of the first Anarchists. *An - Archon* : a Society with "No Rulers". Despite the success of this example, the petty Anarchists of Eumeswil still refuse to accept the role of Religion in maintaining a principled society without rulers. Thus I take upon myself the mantle of the Anarch. My own judgment, and the antiquities serving as my Religion.

Aside from the more contemporary figureheads of the colonial American period, there are others, The Kings of the Sumerian City-States, the Socratic philosophers guided by Genies and Daemons, the hash eating Assassins in their fortress strongholds, the pastoral Scythians with their flocks, Phoenician Naval officers in their ships at sea, these all shimmer with the spark of the Anarch when examined under the light of the Luminar. Eventually however, one grows tired of examining the exploits of great men, and hungers to try himself in the field.

*

Pressing onward, the Luminar and it's scholarly works are far behind me now, as I progress through the desert, the beasts become wilder, their coats and feathers shift into a gradient of savage colors. One wanders through this miraj of colors and forms haunted by the spectre of Ibn Khaldun, every step closer to the primal source of the *Asabiyah* that topples and establishes empires. The lack

of food stretches the body like a bow and arrow. Exhaustion lags behind, the muscles and limbs pursue the horizon and gain newfound strength in their exertion. Past this point, the nerves become illuminated with sensations, and the physical body is felt and commanded in its entirety.

I found a patch of sand on a hill overlooking a grove of palm trees. A pool of water offers a respite from my exertions. The sandy beach offers dates strewn along the rim of the pool, as if to offer me milk and dates in the traditional Arab greeting. The pool reflects the crimson sky and setting sun as the light of the luminar when I examine Caesar and his Legions glowing in Bronze and Tyrian dye assembled before the Rubicon. The palms shimmer in a gentle overhead breeze like serfs dressed in brown carrying bundles over their shoulders to the Grain Silos of *Osarsiph* in Upper Egypt. The Arabian nights have a reputation for their cold alienation, but the sand that I lay upon is still warm from the heat of the day. Consoled as I was by the benevolent mistress of nature.

*

It has been several days since my oasis slumber. They say a camel caravan can travel about 25 kilometers a day, my journey has proven about as productive. In my knapsack I have a small amount of dried provisions, supplemented by the dates I collected at the Oasis. I carry a rolled blanket above my pack, and a steel bowl for boiling and sanitizing water. The heaviest item I carry is without a doubt my gallon container for water. Fitting that such a precious resource bear the heaviest burden. I try to drink as much as I can when I find an abandoned well or oasis, carrying as much as I can in the cells of my body, and then loading an extra gallon in case I should fail to find more water along the way.

I have chosen my rations and itinerary after the instructions of Ibn Battuta, the famous Mauretanian sufi explorer of the 14th century. When traveling, Battuta encourages the traveler to pack light, with only one extra change of clothes, a pot for water, along with his sandals and walking stick. His reasoning is that one comes closer to God when stripped of his worldly possessions, and that when traveling, one typically only becomes encumbered by material objects, and eventually abandons them to lessen his burden.

Concerning the itinerary, Battuta advises that one should only travel for the purpose of business, or some kind of sacred pilgrimage, with a clear destination in mind, and that to travel for abject pleasure or entertainment is a certain way to risk an encounter with malevolent *Jinn*. It is necessary to have a clear object of focus for the traveler, in my case my purpose is clear. I aim to discover what became of my brother, and to determine for myself the efficacy of the position of the Anarch.

*

It has been little more than a week, and I have reached a large forest, no doubt the same forest that Atilla reached, which my brother recorded in his notes. The visual impression is that of an old growth forest, however, owing to an apparent genetic mutation of sorts, the flora here has taken a wild and unruly growth pattern. The trees have taken the appearance of the ancient monumental cedars of Lebanon, but twist and curl like molten stone along their journey into the heavens. The denizens of Eumeswil call this place "*The Farlands*", and owing to local superstitions, none dare venture beyond it.

Amongst the people of Eumeswil there is an abiding fear of the forest. It is seen as the habitat of an uncivilized chaos. Most of the scientists of Eumeswil see an unnatural disorder when they draw the shades of vines on the forest edge and peer into its interior. There are no clean paved side-walks, no brick and mortar facades, only gnarled branches, and the tectonic leafy shrubbery which conceals the earth on the forest floor. It is as a quivering ocean, over-hung by the shade of green leafy billows that dance and whisper ancient hymnals. It is natural that we humans should perceive the forest as an emanation of magic. The biologist however can look deeper, he sees the roots of trees, shrubs, and mushrooms communicating with each other, they spread the awareness that a human is near. The one thousand eyed forest looks out into the world through it's nervous system like the hydras of antiquity. Cut down one tree, and two more grow in its place. According to the Newtonians, the Universe is in a state of perpetual dissolution. The forest, and all of the natural world stand in defiance to that theory, I imagine that Newton himself if queried in the Luminar would also speak in the same manner as the trees on this subject.

*

It has been many days since I deposited my last notes, I cannot remember how long it has been. The reasons are not owing to the uneventfulness of my excursion, to the contrary, as I suspected, my brother is still alive. I will to the best of my ability recall the moment in which I found him.

I had been marching for some hours when I had found a scant trail weaving through the forest. It was a narrow patch of trodden earth winding around trees and over hillocks in the dense underbrush of the interior. I wasn't sure if this was a game trail, or perhaps a trail for the outlanders who scavenge in these places for natural materials. Following the trail for a day and a night, running low on my rations, I finally approached a clearing. As I approached, I heard the bustling of human activity, much like the Bazaar surrounding the Kasbah in Eumeswil. It wasn't only the din of commerce, but of craftsmanship as well. Shouting foremen, the hammering and chiseling of tools, groaning beasts of burden, and the grunting and hollering of workmen. I silently removed myself from the trail and approaching quietly through the shrubs, drew nearer to the clearing, still unable to see entirely that which was before me, but well aware that there lay a bustling city beyond the monumental trees of the *Farlands*.

I approached closer through a patch of shrubs of elephantine proportion. Careful not to betray my presence, neither to the forest or to man or beast in the clearing, I approached closely and peered out onto the scene, to see a monumental basalt pyramid fashioned after the manner of the Aztecs.

Surrounding the pyramid were clearly divided districts, I could make out at least 5 of these districts, and imagined that 5 more lay on the opposite side of the Pyramid. Just as I was assessing the situation, I felt the prick of a mosquito on my jugular vein, I slapped it to find a poisoned dart in my hand. My thoughts immediately went to Alexander as I whirled about searching for my assailant in the oceanic shrubbery. Death by a mosquito? Or Assassination?

Perhaps Eumenes knew the answer. I blacked out.

*

The next morning I woke up in a space designed after the traditional Mauretanian custom. The walls were lined with couches, on which I was asleep, and in the center of the room were a number of round ebony tables. Everything

was either a naturally black material, or dyed as such. Only upon gazing further at the fabrics and woodwork did I notice that every piece of furniture was made with truly remarkable craftsmanship. It was as if this were the hull of the ship that ferried souls down the river styx. The images engraved into the materials were of skulls, daemonic flora and fauna, and I felt myself perplexed, given the circumstances of being assaulted and kidnapped, yet I was assuaged by the profoundly civilizing beauty of my boarding conditions.

Shortly after awakening, as if by prescient awareness, an attendant came to greet me as I was gathering myself back into consciousness and reconstructing my last memories before I was attacked. The attendant who came to greet me was my ancient brother, Martin Venator. I had only rarely seen him working his trade in the Kasbah, as the attendant at the Condor's night bar. The times I did see him I was impressed with the grace and professionalism of his movements. Seeing him again, I was instantly transported back to the first time I witnessed him in his professional domain. He looked upon me with the same impartiality that he always looked upon men, as if I was not his brother, and we had not been separated for many years. Strangely, this did not bother me, knowing that if I found him, I should expect as much. There was no complaint from me. I simply nodded in deference to him and referred to him by his professional moniker. "Manuel".

"I was beginning to wonder if you would ever find your way here brother." Was his bemused reply. My brother fit into the room like it's furnishings, himself totally subsumed into his professional role, as was his manner. He wore a simple black woolen blazer, a turtle neck, slacks, and a pair of black leather loafers. The fabric however was luminous, as if microscopic fragments of nacre were woven into it. The simplicity of his dress, along with his sanguine posture left an authoritative impression. I suddenly felt myself in the eye of a kaleidoscopic dance of colors as I absorbed the scene, I asked my brother where exactly I was. He smiled and said that I should eat and get dressed. My meal and attire were placed magnificently on the table next to me. A buffet of blackberries, plums, dates, chocolate Éclair's, Croissants, and other french pastries were displayed before me along with several shots of *thé à la menthe* so rich it was nearly black as my brother poured it in the Mauretanian fashion from an ornamental cast-iron kettle. This repast was sufficient to awaken my senses and prepare me for the things my brother would show me that day.

*

I stepped out of my darkened chambers into bright daylight. I realized that my quarters were in the apartments at ground level of the meso-american pyramid structure at the center of the clearing in the forest. The divided sections were laid out as I very suddenly remembered, but being at a different vantage point now, I could only see three as we walked back to the forest edge. My brother informed me I had been out almost 24 hours since I was taken captive. He assured me that my captivity was simply a matter of procedure, and was no mark against me personally. I immediately assumed that the Condor was giving his orders, and that these procedures were in service to him. He laughed in his care-free manner at the remark, and replied firmly in the negative. He said that the Condor was on assignment himself, that everyone here reported to Gabriel, the chief Anarch of the city. He invited me to walk the grounds with him. I replied with more questions: "Who is Gabriel?" looking out again at the busy workmen scattered across the grounds "And what city is this?" He replied: "As for Gabriel, you will meet him soon enough..." "And for the city, it is the first State of Anarchy, we call it Anarchaea."

*

As we began our walk to the outer-rim of the clearing in the forest, my brother went over the etymological origins of the city's moniker. Clearly, the prefix "Anarch" derives from his theory of the Anarch, it is a state designed for the Anarch where he can prosper and engage in the greater mysteries of existence. There is however a multi-layered pun, another reading is as "An-Archaea" the society that comes after the ancients. My brother always had a fascination with the post-modernists, but he could never bring himself to wholesale adopt their manners and views, partly because they have none.

*

Approaching the outer rim of the complex, we ascended a staircase onto the outer rim which overlooked the complex and the Pyramid at the center. Along the edge of the complex, are 9 roads, all of which are color coded to indicate their purpose. My brother and I, dressed in our casual fare, walk along the black

path, which is only wide enough for 2 persons to walk shoulder to shoulder. We walk around the complex clockwise. My brother tells me it is a great distance, just over 50 kilometers to encircle the whole complex, this route they call "The Grand Rounds". He tells me there are lodgings for us at the 25 kilometer mark where we will rest after the manner of the *caravanserai*. As our walk began, he did not speak much but allowed me to witness what was around me and discover for myself how the city functioned.

Along the green path immediately to our left there were the runners, they had the appearance of savages with wooden piercings, nearly nude, but for garments of living green shrubs that ornamentally covered them from thigh to navel. they passed us only infrequently, but with incredible speed and endurance as they vanished out of eyesight. To the left of them was the purple path, Aristocratic men mounted on horseback in high-medieval fare used this road for travel. The crests of their classical helmets were of purple horse hair, and the jewels on their ornaments were of Amethyst. Immediately to the left of them were the wooden carriages drawn by teams of horses, this was a sandy dirt path bordered with outcrops of earthen stone. Beyond them were the laid lines of Iron track atop weathered gray wooden slats, during our walk, a coal fueled tram passed by leaving a wake of grayish smog. Past the tracks, one could observe military hardware driving along the red path, Crimson tanks, artillery batteries, and vehicular transports used this road. Beyond these, I saw the Golden path, on occasion, a yellow sports car would zip past at astonishing speed. Less often, Heavy Machinery painted all yellow would inch by us after the fashion of the caterpillar. Further yet, lay the blue path, or rather glass tube of sorts with a series of transport pods. They carried many passengers in a blurry haste as they passed at great speeds. In the outermost rim, was the white path, here men also walked, and occasionally biked at a leisurely pace, much like those in the black lane which I was presently walking with my brother.

As I was taking in this scene, my brother opened with his first remarks since we left my quarters: "What do you see?" I was astonished, and felt it took far too long to formulate my response. It immediately appeared to me that the paths along the outer rim of the complex are ordered according to historical epochs.

My brother was satisfied with this response, he asked again in his Spartan manner: "And?" Gathering myself again and taking in the entirety of the scene, I continued. From what I could gather, the colors of each section had a more

than ordinary significance, they were intentionally mapped onto each era. In our lane, as in the white lane, men walked or cycled, these struck me as post-modern and ancient forms simultaneously, but their distinct orientation was still fuzzy in my mind. The other lanes were much clearer. The green lane represented the path of the primitivists, those who shun all technology and rely solely on biological power. The purple lane clearly was for aristocrats who preferred medieval accouterments and aesthetics. Men carried swords, wore armor, and sported banners with insignia on their spears. The orange lane was reminiscent of the colonial epochs, when monarchies outgrow themselves and men travel into deserts and sandy beach shores to carve out a new existence.

Beyond them was the gray path of the industrialist, the steam engine and smelted iron are his province, and the vessels of transportation here represent this. Beyond that, is the red path of the nationalist, he who takes up arms in the name of his country, it is all military men operating military equipment on this path. Further out are the capitalists along the golden paved roads in their luxury automobiles and heavy machinery for commercial extraction. The blued glass of a tubular transport system represents the transhumanists, this is clearly the most technologically refined form of transit present along the outer rim of the complex.

My brother was pleased with my responses, and struggled not to smile as he abruptly nodded his head in that gentlemanly detached manner for which he was so famous for. "It would appear your training at the Luminar has borne some fruit, not everyone sees so clearly the meaning behind the layout of our fair city." Here my brother informs me that "The Grand Rounds" are used as the primary means of travel between the 9 districts within the city complex. As he spoke, I was careful to listen patiently, but continued to visually scan the large city complex situated within the grand rounds. I noticed that here too, the colors struck me, and I felt as if I had a vague impression of the kinds of work being done in each sector, though it lay far beyond my capacity to see in detail.

The green sector was immediately visible, I noticed murky green irrigation channels and ponds, surrounded by a vast agricultural landscape. It appeared that this sector produced the food supply within the complex. In the next sector, I saw fat purplish pigs and small royal pheasants fenced in by natural lavender cobble stone masonry. There was a fortress of perfect ashlar masonry, not much smaller than the pyramid itself situated very near to us on our walk. I

could see sentinels with bow and arrow standing between the intricately carved crenelations keeping guard over the livestock in their open air pens. Beyond this was the colonial zone, great cedar trees with lumber shoots growing stiffly into the sky, nearby was a mill where the workmen could be heard processing the material. There too a natural wooden fence kept various ungulate animals, their brown hides likely of great value to the city. We reached a small hill that allowed me to look back again past the fields and rivers of the green zone.

There, I saw heaps of black iron detritus, in some areas smoldering and producing a wretched black smoke. There were large black pipes with outlets into this zone carrying waste, likely responsible for the odor near my quarters.

This was all I could see of the various sectors at this point, and gathering myself, I turned to ask my brother the purpose of these colored zones. Before I could pose the question, my brother paused our walk to look over the territory and began to speak. "These here are the first 4 zones of Anarchaea. When we began building this complex, the entirety of the surrounding complex was black, filled with detritus as you see in the Anarchist's region beyond the primitivist sector. The entire complex was covered in a dank black soil, encumbered with the detritus of many ruined objects, seemingly from different historical epochs. When the first arrived here so many years ago, they took it upon themselves to reassemble various aspects of the ruined civilizations that were left here. They discovered very quickly that the grounds were once divided into 10 sectors which were devoted to various trades, and which all had different levels of technological materials and resources left in ruin. It was as if the previous civilization that was once here, consciously advanced itself, and always left behind a sector of the grounds that did not advance further through the historical process."

"Gabriel," he continued, "is convinced that this site is the location of the lost city of Atlantis. In his possession at the center of the Pyramid lay the tables of Atlantean law, whose copper plates are now rusted green. He has derived the 10 sectors of the city from the 10 governments of the Atlantean Kings. When Plato recorded the Atlantean dissertations of Timaeus and Critias, it was made very clear that owing to time, Critias only shared the system of government related to the Military order." My brother claims that this is the reason that the Phoenicians, Minoans, and Etruscans use red dye in their iconography, the color of war. He claims that they were the descendants of the Military colonists of

Atlantis, who were left stranded in the Mediterranean basin after Atlantis was destroyed. They ended up founding breakaway civilizations that venerated the color red owing to their martial heritage. Gabriel has managed to reconstruct the 9 other factions of government by deciphering the unknown language inscribed on the Atlantean columns. To the best of his ability, he has helped us to re-establish the ancient Atlantean system of government. There are now 9 Anarchs ruling over 9 factions, all with their own specialization, philosophy, political structure, and historical orientation.”

I was quick to my response. “And do you believe Gabriel is credible?” He allowed himself to smile briefly now, before returning to his authoritative manner, and tilting his head downward as if to gently scold me, he responded. “I of course, am an Anarch dear brother, I do not attach myself to any form of belief, I am only interested in history. I entertain every possibility, and I insist upon none.” Pausing, we began to walk again. I took in the scenes around me, and developed an abiding satisfaction with the chaotic system of order that I felt revealing itself before my eyes. It was as if all of history was present before me in the dance of colors, as sprinters passed me by on the green trail, the sentinels in their shining purple armor laughing merrily as the banners hanging from the castle joined them applauding gently in the breeze. I felt myself amidst the presence of a complete revelation, and knew still that I had not seen even half the complex, let alone learned the customs and habits of the peoples in each of the regions. As a historian, one often finds themselves thrilled to the point of eros by things that if reported to others with the excitement it warrants, may strike them as an absurd, and even dangerous delusory state of mind.

Finding myself lost in thought, my brother continued narrating my tour. “Gabriel was the first man to find this complex. He claims to have forested the *Farlands* circling the city with daemonic trees to conceal it from outsiders. After the fashion of *Khidr*, wherever he walked, he would plant trees; albeit mutated trees, with grafted roots and limbs throughout the irradiated landscape, producing a variety of new species that formed into a tangled hedge against the outside world. The imposing presence of these trees is typically enough to scare men away from this complex, which Gabriel and his *fellahs* have carefully guarded and maintained, fulfilling an edenic role as stewards of this place.

Attila was the next person to discover it, he slept in the hovel of a tree here and woke up to find Garments laid out for him with food and drink. These were provided by Gabriel and his *Fellahs*, back when the complex had only cultivated the Anarchist, Primitivist and Monarchist sectors. As historians, we are familiar with how history and technological advances accelerate towards a singularity.

The first historical epochs that you can see now before you are the magical epochs, they were the most difficult and time consuming to reconstruct using fragments at the Luminar. Shortly, we will arrive at the 5th sector, that of the industrial agorists. This is when history becomes much clearer and takes on a more mechanical nature. The clarity of documentation concerning these periods made reconstruction nearly effortless, and we have cultivated a great deal in the next sections.

As my brother spoke, my attention was summoned by great plumes of gray smoke emerging from the next zone we were approaching. My brother confirmed that it was the industrialist sector, it was entirely filled with concrete, metal, and brick buildings designed in the classical manner. Men in top hats and black and white suits roamed the streets as tram-lines bustled by a mixture of primitive locomotives and horse drawn carts. It was as if the whole zone was seen through a filter that removed color, like the old archival footage in the luminar. My brother informs me that here many industrial manufactures are made from raw materials produced in the previous sectors, and from mines that extend deep into the bedrock beneath the complex. Seeing clearly now the full spectrum of the historical process beginning to unfold before me, my jaw slackened with awe, my brother however, chewed on his thoughts like a frontiersman who eats the leather of his boots after being abandoned and left for dead in the wilderness. As we approached our lodgings in the industrial sector, my brother became more pleasant in his manner and speech, and like the frontiersman who finally returns to civilization, spits out his leather bootstrap, easing his mind and his jaw.

*

Waking up the next morning, I found myself pleasantly well rested, my dreams struck me like a violent cyclone, swirling around every historical epoch in my mind fusing and rending archetypes until the storm subsided, and I was left

again with the pristine vision of the Anarchaeon complex I had seen the day before. As my eyes opened that morning onto the austere gray scenery, the line between dreamscape and reality became fragmented by the visionary nature of my environment. The gray drab of our well nested quarters, the graying mustache of the door man and his fine fitted tailored suit and vest. A silver stop watch bulged from a small pocket which was attached by a gleaming chain to his belt. He paid my brother particularly generous deference as he held the door open for us with an alien kind of dignity and masculine kinesis as we made our way onto the bustling morning street.

We walked a few blocks, then caught a tram back to The Grand Rounds, at which point my brother determined it best that we continue on the tram rather than on foot, as it turned onto the 9 roads that encircled the complex. I was pleased with my brother's choice, because I was eager to see the remainder of the city without delay, and also to inquire further of some details after my tour was complete. Sitting near the window on the tram, I was impressed by magnificent classical trim surrounding the windows, and the marvelous geometric patterns inlaid into the fabrics and surfaces throughout the interior of the vessel. I had not seen a more pristine example of the Art Deco style even in the Luminar. The designs were almost after the geometric custom of the arabesque, hard straight lines laid out in repeating patterns, but rather than forming floral motifs, these patterns formed cubes, diamonds, and stars, along with the occasional features of asymmetric billowing curls of steam and smoke. Titanic figures of stoic workmen molded in stainless steel ornamented various features throughout the tram. The artform suited the historical archetype well.

As we began a steady journey along the iron tracks of the Grand Rounds, my brother motioned to the next sector, he called them the Nationalists. He said they were imbued with a particular patriotic fervor, and were composed of men who were the most capable and willing to engage in armed combat. Their living quarters were in nearly identical red brick buildings, "*Commie Blocks*" he called them, good quarters for soldiers. At the center of this section, one can see clearly two massive smoke stacks emitting a reddish smoke. My brother tells me these are nuclear reactors, which are necessary for the industrial production in this region. As we approached the end of this sector my brother pointed out a small district of redwood pagodas, he said that many of the servants of the old Khans settled this district following the death of the Yellow Khan. My brother,

ever the historian, was quick to remark on the appropriate nature of this circumstance, reminding me that the Asiatics were the first to develop gunpowder and paper. Two items that are essential in war.

Hidden behind the expanse of red brick buildings and monumental asiatic temples, lay what appeared to be a desolate desert wasteland. If not for the Yellow heavy machinery scattered throughout the region, I would have thought it a worthless plot of land. My brother informed me that there is an abundance of natural resources in this sector, the sand included. I remember reading in the luminar that calcium rich sand is likely the product of millions of years of crushed and congealed mollusk shells and animal bones. In other words, a resource that after being used will take great amounts of time and many biological life forms to re-establish. But the sand is not the only valuable resource here. Deep beneath the surface are rich petroleum wells, there are also precious metal deposits in this territory. The materials are quantified by geologists, and are managed sparingly by a delegation from all 9 of the factions. The capitalists here are not given the same free reign as has been the case in previous epochs. The machines do a substantial amount of the heavy lifting here, near the pyramid there is a small strip of gilded skyscrapers surrounded by a gridded street with suburban residential properties. I am told that there are many forms of entertainment available in the city, and that the living conditions are quite comfortable, excepting the heat.

As we passed that gleaming golden city I saw a large body of water which I assumed was a miraj owing to the abnormal heat of the capitalist sector. As the tram progressed along the tracks however, I saw clearly what appeared to be a bay of water connecting the complex to the ocean. Floating within the bay were a series of ships, some of them quite large, and likely salvaged from repaired pleasure boats and military vessels. My brother tells me that these are the Transhumanists, who utilize hydrogen power harvested from the ocean to pursue technological development. There are also large aquatic farms here that produce an abundance of oysters, algae, and other valuable food products. One ship has a platform with a rocket and other aircraft. My brother informs me that the rocket is only partially operational, it can land and take off to place satellites into low earth orbit, but long distance interstellar travel is not yet possible from Anarchaea.

As we passed over the Transhumanist sector, we traveled along a peninsula of land that eventually led onto a bridge that went over the southerly inlet of water that connected the Transhumanist sector to the ocean. Once we crossed over we were confronted with a massive mountain of exposed white marble. My mind almost immediately went to *Albion*; the ancient name for the English Isles, and perhaps an archaic moniker of the country of Arthurian Legend *Avalon*. The Grand Rounds led into a tunnel that went beneath the monolithic white cliffs which stretched out of sight into the misty sky. The blackness of the tunnel was only occasionally interrupted by blinding white lights which lit up the interior white marble from which the passage was carved. My brother reached over my shoulder and pulled on a string which cocked a hammer near the driver then striking a silver bell with a loud “*Ding*” as he then released his grip from the rope. The tram began screeching as the driver applied a manual brake with a sturdy arm. My brother thanked the driver by referring to him by his first name, to which he replied in kind “Manuel”.

We exited the tram onto a concrete platform where an old fashioned iron frame elevator was waiting for us. The operator was dressed in a decorated military uniform. He greeted us warmly and asked my brother where his destination was. My brother replied firmly “The station of Gabriel.” The operator nodded, picking up an old silver phonophore like that which my brother used to own in Eumeswil, and reported professionally “Manuel has arrived and will be ferried to the station of Gabriel promptly.” My brother again thanked the operator with a recitation of his name, which was received in kind. The operator motioned to the interior of the rather small elevator shaft, a tight fit for two men, no doubt a security consideration. Shockingly, the operator followed us into the elevator like sardines being crammed into a tin canister. Amid the awkwardly close quarters, He had to strain himself to utilize the mechanical control system. I suddenly felt my weight shift below my knees as the elevator ascended the shaft.

An uncomfortable amount of time passed in the elevator, which was made all the more uncomfortable by the fact that we had to rotate ourselves just right to prevent our groins from directly resting on the legs of one another. I silently smirked to myself at the circumstances, knowing the serious manner of my brother, and what appeared like a formidable professional reputation he has throughout Anarchaea. When we finally reached our destination, my brother

buttoned his blazer and shoved his hands into his pockets. Unaware of the reason, I simply followed suit. As the old saying goes: *"When in Rome, one should do as the Romans do."* As soon as the operator opened the door, a swift icy breeze whistled through the small chamber. I stepped out onto a snowy mountain top, visibility was obscured more than ten meters in front of me. I could faintly make out a pair of classical sculptures on pedestals on either side of a shoveled brick road before me. We walked forward between them, and were flanked again by another pair of statues as we progressed. I noticed that these were busts of the great Roman Generals and Caesars, and others I did not recognize. If not for their presence, it would be very easy for one to get lost along the misty mountain path. All of the statues lining the walkway were crafted in the classical manner, but unpainted. They lost none of their expressiveness. The raw white marble amidst the elevated frigidity of the mountain alluded to the icy fortitude of these monumental men.

As we progressed along the sculpture-flanked road, I began to make out the figure of a classical Greek temple on a hill in front of us as we stepped into a vacancy of pure mountain air unoccupied by the mists. The columns were fashioned in white limestone after the ancient Doric manner, simple and austere. There were no other buildings on the mountaintop. Only the marble statues and busts of ancient men, leading to this lone temple. Straining for breath in the thin mountain air, shouting over the singing gales, I asked if anybody lived here, my brother paused and responded with a shout, again after the custom of the Lacydaemonians: "Few."

As we approached the Temple, we had to ascend a very large staircase. I instantly was transported back to my nights in the Luminar when I had read about the monumental staircases that led up to the great temples of antiquity. I felt the awe that I imagined many pilgrims had felt upon visiting the Acropolis of Athens, Baalbek, or the Temple Mount of Jerusalem in the days of their ancient Glory. The rhythmic and gradual ascension of the stairs induces one into a trance state, ever ascending, ever approaching the domain of some great Glory that only exists in these novel palatial complexes. One is also reminded of the dangers if he looks behind himself, seeing the distance to the bottom. When Paul wanted to kill James the Just, the brother of Jesus, he merely pushed him down the stairs leading up to the temple of Jerusalem, confident that he was as good as dead.

After walking through the bitter cold, my brother covering his hands with a spare handkerchief, grabbed the frosty Chrome handle of the well balanced doors, which, despite clearly weighing many tons of pure marble, swung open with such oily ease that it appeared a child could open the doors with little effort. We entered into a great hall, as the marble doors gently fell back to their closed position. There was ample seating along the sides of the temple, as if for a great courtly entourage, yet all the seats were now vacant. An elevated stage was situated in the rear of the temple, where a simple chair decorated in gleaming mother of pearl and Ivory held a man dressed in white linens after the manner of the *Haji*. My memories of the Temple of Bacchus immediately flooded into my mind. I had spent many hours examining the Baalbek temple complex in the Luminar, and it appeared that this place was a nearly perfect replica in scale and form.

The seated man was deep in ponderous thought, when upon realizing our appearance he swiftly directed his attention to us with a jovial manner “Manuel!” He quickly paced towards us with a kingly gesture of open arms. The man had a strange gleaming appearance, ancient and youthful, hermaphroditic even, like the Kore’s of the hellenes. His face was ruddy and colorful, almost luminous, as the striking visage of *Ozymandias*. My brother responded “Gabriel, I trust the operator informed you of our visit.” Smiling, Gabriel embraced my brother and after the custom of the French Mauretanians, touched his cheeks to my brother's face, a gesture that both men seemed very familiar with and accustomed to. Gabriel responded jovially to my brother “Indeed he did! And this must be your brother who I have heard so much about these past few days!” The largess of gaiety expressed by Gabriel nearly caused my brother to blush, as the man forcefully grabbed my shoulders with hands that felt knotted like the roots of cedars, proceeding to force the affectionate Parisian greeting of *La Bise* upon me.

“Welcome to Anarchaea!” he said with a winking enthusiasm. Thankfully, he then released me from his gaze and grasp, returning to my brother to speak. “I trust you have given him a tour of the Grand Rounds Manuel?” My brother responded in his professional manner “As expected, it is after all my duty to arrange these things.” Gabriel in a sarcastic manner rolled his eyes “As ever the Anarch my dear Manuel... it’s not every day that one gets to introduce his own

kin to a historical finding such as this city, this warrants some enthusiasm, no?" My brother almost betraying some level of joviality smiled and nodded, "He has proven himself rather perceptive concerning our project, it didn't take long for him to discover on his own the organizational principles that govern the city, no doubt he has made good use of the old Luminar in Eumeswil. In fairness, I might have been disappointed if it had been otherwise, afterall, we come from a family of historians." Gabriel then assessed me with a nod of approval, "Very well, there is still work to be done in our historical compilations here. I assume that Manuel has told you about the work we are doing on the 4th Luminar?" Looking to my brother with some confusion, Gabriel instantly discovered that my brother had told me of no such thing.

My brother replied according to his reserved custom, "I thought it better that he should meet you first." Gabriel not missing a beat continued. "Very well, come along then, I will show you some portions of the new Luminar we are building." Gabriel gracefully paced with a tall and lumbering top heavy posture back to the gleaming throne inlaid with ivory and pearl. Either owing to the definition of his white mauretanian pointed sandals, or his gait, it appeared as if he walked saddling the very air around him with a hulking posture and weightlessness. He quickly jotted up the stairs and spun around as he approached the ornamental chair leisurely tossing himself into it. He suddenly began managing a series of controls and keys which were built into the armrests. Clicking and pattering his fingers along the controls, a holographic interface lit up the inside the palatial hall.

At the center of the hall, a virtual model of the Anarchaeon complex was holographically projected in three dimensions. The colors of the various sectors glowed with an alien intensity and reflected off of the polished surfaces in the temple. "As I'm sure you are familiar, the old Luminars were commonly described as a series of tubes, requiring great technical expertise to navigate. In the 4th Luminar, we use color to signify the 4th dimension of historical time. By doing so, we've constructed a four dimensional universe that is universally comprehensible, even for a child. By applying the Anarchaeon system of color classification, we have made it possible to map the 4th dimension onto 3 dimensional objects, providing greater clarity as to their historical origin and nature. This greatly improves our ability to navigate information dense environments. The 4th Luminar is meant to be a tool for creating more accurate

maps of reality that are universally accessible to everyone. There is however always a danger of confusing the map with the territory. When using the 4th Luminar, it is important to limit your time of use to avoid getting lost within its labyrinthine passages. As with the older Luminars, one must take care to entertain moderation, lest he lose touch with reality and his own sanity.”

Looking upon the Luminar, I found myself rather impressed by the improvements that were made upon the 3rd model that was still in Eumeswil. Graphics, mapping, rendering, there were many parts of the old Luminars that still had to be searched by text command. In Gabriel’s 4th Luminar this is certainly an option, but there is a physical three dimensional space that is traversable by digital avatars. In the 4th Luminar, it is possible to learn the trades of all of the various work factions I had seen within the Anarchaeon complex by virtually performing the tasks, and learning the methods and customs of each caste. There are also extensive libraries of text and videographic portrayals of various scenes in antiquity. Eumeswil has many of these archives, but by my brief gaze into the libraries of the 4th Luminar, I could see that they had a far more extensive Library, and that it was much more studiously organized than those in the 3rd Luminar of Eumeswil.

“I see...” I responded as my mind began to grasp my surroundings. “You are creating a near-real space that will make accessing the Luminar easier for common people... A training simulator... This is a problem that has troubled Eumeswil, and even the Khans for some time...” My brother looking on patiently with his arms behind his back as if standing at attention remarked; “Correct, this program taken to its logical conclusion will make Anarchs of the entire world.” Gabriel, as if to finish the thought of my brother spoke. “This is what the Anarchaeon project is about, we had first to reconstruct civilization by excavating these ruins here, after we began our historical process, working through Anarchism, into Primitivism, then Monarchism, we approached the mechanical era of Mutualism, Agorism, and Nationalism. After we had completed these phases, we began the technological epochs with Capitalism, proceeding to Transhumanism, and finally into Pacifism.

After navigating these 9 epochs, we condensed and simplified the knowledge and customs of each phase. Our goal is to create a real-time simulated game reality where ordinary people can live through all of the epochs, and form an

assessment of how the entire historical process functions, from its beginnings with Anarchism to the end with Pacifism. Our thesis is not so different from that of Ibn Khaldun, who asserted that cycles of revolution occurred between Pacifistic city aristocrats, and Anarchic bandits who would raid them and take their possessions, over time they themselves became pacifist aristocrats and repeated the cycle. It is not unreasonable to assume that man began his existence like the Anarchic bandit, living off of the plunder of hunting and war. He gradually developed into the man of modernity, the pacifist city dweller who works in cooperation with other men to fulfill his need. Our model differs from Khaldun only in that we more distinctly define a gradient of historical archetypes between the Anarchist and the Pacifist.”

“Our work, however, has only just begun. We could not begin development on the 4th Luminar until we had the resources and expertise from all the previous historical epochs before we could create the simulated version of Anarchaea now in its final stages. As I am sure you have noticed, you are in the Pacifist sector of the city now, we are devoted solely to scholarly works of history and information technology. It is our conclusion that at the pacifist’s phase of civilization, if all of the factions and parts of society are properly integrated, that it is absorbed into a Religious singularity and historical development stabilizes. This is the only thing that can negate the overturning of civilization by the Anarchists. The Pacifist must embrace his shadow and become an Anarch. Our development of the 4th Luminar is an attempt to ideologically integrate all of the historical epochs in our city under a singular framework, to stabilize and facilitate such a singularity.”

I thought aloud... “The Immanentization of the Eschaton...” Gabriel with a flutter of his keyboard filled the room with Arabic texts that I could not read. “Indeed, some say *Apocalypse* or *Armageddon*. In Mauretania they call it the *Akhiruzamman*, the end of history. We believe that we are quickly approaching that singularity, and we think that when we have completed the construction of the 4th luminar, and distribute it across the world, installing it in the old Luminars and their *phonophores*, that space and time will fold in upon itself and open an eternum. This is complex theological language to say simply, that every city-state in the world will become like Anarchaea, they will all organize themselves according to the 9 historical factions and colors, and all of the information in the 4th Luminar will be categorized according to that same

system. These colors, when applied to the world as a system of classification, have the potential to radically expedite the process of learning and understanding, and to radically decrease the necessity for mediated governance. In Anarchaea, we have very few rulers, and those we do have are much like your brother Manuel, servants of the public interest. Our system provides a total framework for understanding and classifying the social sciences and the material domain, and largely removes the necessity for state control.” My brother quickly chiming in again spoke after the Laconic manner, “In other words brother, we are building a Religion.”

Gabriel looking whimsically throughout the Luminar as if to check his work continued faintly “Indeed... Part of how this system was designed however, is such that it is compatible with the old faiths as well. One can retain a Christian, Islamic, Hindu, Pagan, or any other orientation, and still classify themselves professionally according to the 9 Archetypes, which we call Aeons. They are much like the platonic forms, spiritual essences that are the fundamental psychological building blocks of Civilizations. The primary difference between our Anarchaeon Religion, and those of the classical civilizations, is that ours is something of a joke. We don’t necessarily believe, as your brother the faithful Anarch can tell you. We simply choose to adopt these methods because it’s a true enough means of classifying variegated paradigms, work castes, and philosophies. It improves our ability to function within a decentralized cosmopolitan state with a variety of paradigms and professions. As historians, we also find it rather amusing that we have managed to construct an alternate Religious paradigm using nothing but the basic colors of a coloring book, and rather elementary rudiments of world history. This is not meant to blaspheme the Grand Architect of the Universe, but to edify his creation by replicating it’s better parts within a microcosm designed to instruct the coming generations. Anarchaea may appear on its surface to be a mere child’s computer game, but if taken to its logical conclusion, can function as a totalizing mechanism for re-ordering global civilization.”

“A Gamer’s Arcades Project.” My brother spoke again. “Modeled after the notes of Benjamin Walter, the Frenchman who famously wrote concerning the commercial Parisian Arcades of the early 19th century. They were shopping center utopias, monuments of nostalgia and classical architecture that could be found all throughout the city of Paris. In the Arcades, one walks down a

promenade flanked by sequential stores with arched doorways, overhead are the vaulted glass panels which keep the interior comfortable in all climes. An artificial paradise of sorts, predecessors to modern department stores and shopping malls. They are clearly the result of romantic French Utopianism in the 19th century, referred to by some as "*a world in miniature*". This is what we are attempting to accomplish with the 4th Luminar. We are constructing an artificial reality that nearly mirrors our own. A microcosmic reality fashioned after the manner and form of the Parisian and American Arcades."

"The American Arcades however, are of a different nature. After the development of videographic technology and computation, a series of games were developed that could be played within a virtually constructed universe. These games were first made available at the American Arcades before they were made accessible to private citizens in their homes. The early American Arcades were a social space where young people could marvel over the latest technological advances, and carry on their ordinary social development. The early games made available in the Arcades proved to be rather simple, but future games made available had some educational utility, although the opportunity this presented to educators was not fully seized upon. With the 4th Luminar, we intend to seize upon the potential of games as an educational tool, not only for young people, but for adults if necessary." As my brother ceased speaking, Gabriel continued on his train of thought.

"In our fair city of Anarchaea, one can walk through the entirety of history as a lived experience. The colors immediately indicate to you what era and philosophical forms you are dealing with. Although a mediated program, it provides an immediate virtual model for classifying and ordering civilization within the mind. If enough people enter into this alternate reality, and experience it together, they will subconsciously carry its ideology into the real world, and will then begin mapping the real world using the color schematic you have witnessed here in Anarchaea. The work we are doing now on the 4th Luminar is designed to create a game that can be accessed by every person on earth, so that a collective world Religion can emerge that defies none of its ancient traditions, and adheres to them all alike. We have successfully mapped this system into our city, and this proves that it can be done."

Gabriel then clapped his hands and the lights came on in the hall. He turned to me and spoke plainly. “My friend, I would like to congratulate you on the success of your *forest flight*, but your journey; like ours, has only just begun. There are still many works of artifice that must be done to prepare the 4th Luminar for the general public. Our *Gamer’s Arcades Project* as of yet is not complete, and everything you have seen here is merely a simulated demonstration. There is much work to be done, but as the old adage goes: “*many hands make light work*”. We are currently assembling a team of historians, cartographers, artisans, technologists, and other workmen of various sorts to make voluntary contributions to develop this program to its fullest extent. We are aware of other attempts to design similar simulated realities on the old Luminars, some of which are sponsored by the Khans. We believe they will ultimately be unsuccessful, because their private interests are too deeply embedded, and they are missing a key piece of how to properly build a simulated multiverse with four dimensions.”

“What piece is that?” I asked sincerely. Gabriel smiled with a laugh and a shrug, proclaiming:

“It needs to be fun!”